

Sunlight

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by [coloredlove8](#)

Summary

He leaned more into the human's space, stubble brushing against his own smooth cheek, hands landing on his hips. His words came out deep and rough, they way they do before his shift takes over, "You want that, Stiles? You want me to fuck you?"

Stiles swallowed the saliva pooling in his mouth and nodded, "Yeah, yes, please."

Derek growled, "Say it."

Notes

I've been rewatching Teen Wolf recently and with it came the overwhelming need to write like always.

I had this idea two days before Halloween but could just now get to it. It stems from the clip of Tom Holland saying he has to wear a thong underneath the Spider suit (might just be a joke, idk) and immediately thought of Stiles. At first it was just him wearing women's underwear so they didn't show under the suit. Then I just needed Stiles to like wearing it naturally.

If you wanna know the specific underwear I pictured [it's these ones](#) (Let's all collectively pretend they aren't two dollars from SHEIN) They aren't supposed to be the sexiest thing in the world, more of something comfortable that wouldn't show underneath

I also listened to Super Massive Blackhole on repeat while writing this if that helps explain the tone.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Stiles doesn't understand how Lydia did it. The pack just recently finished rebuilding the Hale house after two (almost three) years of work, and she somehow convinced him to let her throw a Halloween party to 'break it in.' So now Stiles was in a Spider-Man morph suit, minus the mask because it almost sent him into a panic attack, pushing through a crowd of drunk college students he didn't know. He had a feeling Lydia didn't even know most of them either. She's always just been a 'let the news spread' kind of girl.

After a few awful minutes of being pushed and awkwardly grinded against, he finally got back to where the pack was congregating. They had pushed all of Derek's furniture to one wall so there was more space. Lydia and Malia were on the couch while Derek straddled the arm. Kira and Scott stood around them talking.

"I swear to god, next time one of you asshats want a refill you're getting it yourself." He shoved the two red cups into Scott and Lydia's hands.

Scott threw his free arm around Stiles' shoulders, pulling him towards his body in a half hug, "Aww, don't be so dramatic. 'S just a lil grinding. Four years ago you'd 've loved that."

"Yeah well, four years ago I was a virginal teenager who popped one if I got too excited playing video games." Stiles scrunched up his face as he took in Scott's appearance. Kira and him had come as Morticia and Gomez Adams, and while Kira still looked elegant and put together, Scott's fake mustache was half falling off and his suit was weirdly crumpled, "Dude, are you drunk?"

He turned to face Lydia, "Did you spike the drinks with wolfsbane again?"

"Yes, but," she pointed a long purple nail at him, "it's not the same kind as before. This one will get weres drunk, but there's no hallucinations for either species." The bright green sclera eye contacts for her Starfire costume added a unnerving undertone to her already mildly terrifying personality so he decided not to push his luck

Malia's hood slipped off her head as she leaned onto Lydia, "I don't know if I like being drunk much. I just feel weird."

Scott made a noise with his mouth, it shot spit across the side of Stiles' face, "That's jus' cause it's your first time. Get's better after."

Stiles scrubbed at his cheek with his gloved hand, "I'm covered in enough fluids that aren't my own, stop adding on man." Scott just snorted and placed a slobbery kiss to the area instead. "What the fuck, no. Down." Stiles pushed at the were's ribs, "You're worse than an actual dog."

"Okay Scott, let's go dance, yeah?" Kira slipped the drink from his hand and placed it onto the floor out of the way. Scott's arm slid from Stiles' shoulders quickly and wound around his girlfriend's instead. The human mouthed a thank you to her as she dragged his best friend away.

Malia sighed as her eyes followed the couple, "He's definitely going to get sick at some point tonight."

"If he pukes on my floor you're cleaning it up, Lydia." Stiles' eyes snapped to the Alpha. He hadn't talked much during the night, he's just sat quietly and scowled. Probably because Lydia had forced him to join the party. When she had first told Stiles that she convinced the were to dress up, he had expected him to show up in some nondescript killer mask and call it a day. Instead, Stiles had walked in to see him busting out his old container of gel and slicking his hair down in the classic Wolverine style. He dawned the classic white tank top and blue jeans with a large belt buckle as well. Stiles had to pry his eyes away from the man more times than he could count since he arrived.

She waved him off, "Yeah, of course I will."

Derek made a grumbling noise under his breath before wiping his hand down his face. They had realized that the were wouldn't fight Lydia on ordinary things years ago. Cora had told them that she was a lot like their older sister Laura so Derek had learned his lesson when he was a child.

"Don't get all grouchy now. You're the one who made a pack out of a bunch of kids and your zombie uncle." Stiles teased

"I didn't exactly think you'd all make it your life goal to drive me insane."

"Don't be silly. It's not our life goal," He placed a hand on Derek's shoulder, "it's just a very fun plus."

The were bared his teeth, a deep rumbling noise slipping out. He let the tips of his fangs peek through from behind his lips. Stiles' stomach twisted in a way it shouldn't at the gesture. He truly needed to have a discussion with himself about his abnormal kinks. He decided to drop his hand while mirroring the wolf's action for now instead. Derek's expression relaxed as he tilted his nose the slightest bit, sniffing the air subtly. Stiles almost wanted to coo at the man. The action was much cuter than one a man prone to violence should be able to make.

A body tumbled into his back, a hard elbow ramming into the middle of his spine. He made a loud grunting noise as the area started to lightly throb.

"Oh, m' bad dude. Jus' wanted to g't my drink." Stiles turned in time to get Scott's large paws wrapped around him. He was tugged against the man's chest. He reeked of fireball, the wet spot pressing into the Spider-Man emblem indicating someone had spilt it on him, "You okay? Know you're s'ft." The man giggled, a hiccup slipping out at the end, "Squishy too."

Kira appeared beside the friends. Her hands squeezed between their shoulders, attempting to pull Scott off of Stiles, "I'm so sorry Stiles. I was trying to get him to drink some cola, but he could tell the difference."

Stiles laughed as he pushed at the were, "No you're okay. This just means I'll get to hold this over his head when he's sober."

Once Kira was finally able to pull Scott off, the man went to grab for his cup. Stiles blocked the cup with his body, "Nope, you've definitely had enough already."

Scott whined. If people thought he acted like an overgrown puppy sober, they'd kill to see him now, "D'nt be mean."

"I'm not. Trust me, you'll thank me for this in the morning."

"Fine." He huffed, turning to wrap himself around Kira. The girl rolled her eyes while smiling, dragging the wolf back into the mass of dancing students

Stiles bent down to grab the cup, mumbling to himself about wolfsbane and sadistic banshees. His hand had just curled around the plastic when he heard a growling noise from beside him. He stood straight, eyebrows pinched together, looking towards the wolf. Derek's eyes snapped from him to somewhere off in the distance, his jaw set and his claws digging into the jeans he was wearing.

"What?" The human questioned, "Is there something wrong." He looked around the room, trying to find whatever the Alpha was reacting to.

"No." He grumbled

That answer only confused the human more. Derek shouldn't be reacting to anything here. He's in the safety of his own den. But if he is reacting to a threat, being at home is more of a reason for him to tell Stiles what's going on.

"Dude, I know I'm just a human or whatever, but currently I'm the only other person not drunk. If something's wrong you're gonna have to tell me."

He watched as Derek's jaw twitched before tensing, "Everything's fine," he bit out, "I just need a break."

He stood up from his seat and hurried away. Stiles couldn't help but gawk at him as he shoved through the rowdy crowd. They've been a pack for years now, but nobody was truly able to understand their Alpha completely. He was like a big ball of repressed feelings and angst. Stiles fought to figure him out, but it was like there was always a piece missing.

He finally kicked himself into motion and started following behind. He struggled getting through the mass of bodies much more than Derek. At one point he felt someone's hand grope his ass, and ew gross, but he was able to get to the other side eventually.

He took the steps two at a time, bounding up them as quickly as possible. When he made it to the top, he didn't expect to be grabbed by the nape of the neck and shoved face first into the wall. His hands pressed flat against the wallpaper, barely bracing himself in enough time to stop his nose from breaking on impact. His attacker's second hand pressed against his lower spine and pinned him down.

He fought back against the body behind him. He barely even jostled them. Even with his better than average strength due to pack training, the other person was much stronger than

him. He continued to wiggle around the best he could though. He really needed to tell Lydia to not just invite anyone next time. This shit wouldn't have happened if there weren't just a bunch of random drunk strangers walking around.

He opened his mouth to yell, but the hand on his neck slipped around and clamped down before he could. The person let out a low growl, and fuck Stiles knew that growl. He stopped fighting and went limp against the body behind him. He tilted his head to the side, baring his neck as a sign of submission. He was rewarded with a soft rumble before a head was pushed into the empty space.

Now he didn't know what to do. This wasn't exactly a normal situation for him, more of a fantasy he'd have late at night in the privacy of his own room. He tried to speak against the firm hand, but his words came out muffled. Stiles gave it a second try, speaking louder this time, but the head buried against him was too busy trying to press through his morph suit to pay attention. So instead he did the only thing his brain could come up with and licked a long stripe against the soft palm.

Black locks pulled back and Stiles turned his head as far as he could. He could make out one half of Derek's face from this angle. Stiles attempted to speak again. The wolf ignored it completely, but his hand did begin to pull away. Only to press two fingers against Stiles' mouth before pushing down against his bottom lip.

He used the opportunity to speak, "Der-"

The were slipped his fingers into his mouth as soon as it opened. Stiles couldn't help the squawk that slipped out around them. Rough pads rubbed against his tongue. Stiles drew his eyebrows together in a look of confusion, but closed his mouth around the digits anyways. There was another rumble and Stiles felt a bolt of heat shoot down his body knowing he was doing what the alpha wanted. Derek wasn't drunk, he refused to drink anything during the entire party. Whatever he was doing had to be Derek's own actions. He couldn't blame Stiles for enjoying it in the process.

The fingers slipped in deeper until Stiles' lips were pressed flush against Derek's knuckles. The were stepped to the side more. The new angle allowed Stiles access to the rest of his face. "Ever since you came back from school this summer, it was like my wolf turned feral. You were everywhere I went, drove me insane and you didn't even know."

The fingers started to slowly thrust in and out of his mouth, "I was doing good keeping it at bay. I've worked my entire life keeping control of the animal side. Then you had to show up in this stupid suit. You walked through my door like a present just ready to be unwrapped. Had to fight myself from pinning you down and mounting you."

Spit was beginning to run down his chin. He could feel it slide down and soak into the cloth around his throat, "I kept it in though. I ignored all the times arousal bled into your scent near me too. I was going to wait till you came to me. You just had to bend over. Had to present yourself right in front of me. I couldn't keep the wolf in once I saw it. He was scratching at me from the inside trying to get through. That's why I had to come up here. If I stayed I would have pushed you to your hands and knees and fucked you right there in front of everyone."

Stiles moaned, it was high and breathy and totally something he'll be embarrassed about once he doesn't have Derek Hale whispering filth into his ear. The wolf grinds against his hip. He was hard and Stiles wanted to turn around and sink to his knees for him. However, this was approximately the exact time loud stumbling came from the bottom of the steps and Stiles remembered they were currently very much in public. Derek seemed to snap out of his haze as well and promptly pulled his hand away. His spit slick fingers sliding down Stiles' chin, further making a mess of him.

He leaned more into the human's space, stubble brushing against his own smooth cheek, hands landing on his hips. His words came out deep and rough, they way they do before his shift takes over, "You want that, Stiles? You want me to fuck you?"

Stiles swallowed the saliva pooling in his mouth and nodded, "Yeah, yes, please."

Derek growled, "Say it." His lips brushed against the outer shell of Stiles' ear. He took the lobe into his mouth and bit down with teeth that were too sharp to be completely human.

"I want you to fuck me." He took a shaky breath, "Please, Derek."

The next thing he knew, he was being pulled away from the wall and corralled into the bathroom at the end of the hall. They had passed Derek's bedroom along the way, and he was tempted to ask why they weren't doing it there instead, but then the door was slammed closed and he was bent over the sink, Derek's hands smoothing along his thighs and he didn't give a shit where they did this anymore. He gripped the edges of the cool porcelain like it was his life line.

He stared at their reflections in the mirror. His lips were red and puffy from Derek's earlier actions. His eyes already heavy and beginning to droop. The neck of his suit was a darker red from where his spit had gotten on it. The rest of his face was flushed and his hair a wild mess. He looked like they had already gone at it a few rounds. Derek, on the other hand, still looked put together. His hair was still neatly styled. His costume still in perfect condition. The only thing truly giving away his arousal was the way red bled into his eyes as he stared down at the curve of Stiles' back.

Hands brushed down his sides and landed on his ass. He let out a little huff as Derek filled his hands and squeezed. The growling from earlier started up again, but this time it seemed more possessive than angry. One hand pulled back and then came down against his right ass cheek. He yelped at the contact but couldn't deny the spike of arousal he felt. Once the pain faded, he felt an enjoyable tingle where the strike landed. He pushed back into the hand subtly, asking for another. Eyes flicked up to his in the mirror. Derek gave him a toothy grin before slapping the same spot again. Now that he was expecting the pain, a moan came out instead.

Derek crowded behind him, leaning his chin on Stiles' shoulder, "We'll explore that another time. See if I can get you to cum just from spanking your gorgeous ass." He cupped Stiles through his suit, pressing down on the obvious bulge there, "But for now I think we both just need me to get in you already, don't we?"

Stiles nodded dumbly, humping against the hand cupping him, "Fuck, please. Want you inside."

The alpha's eyes flashed in the mirror, "Yeah? You're just desperate for it aren't you? Don't worry, I'll give it to you good." He nipped at Stiles' jaw, "Be the best you've ever had, baby."

And that, that just wasn't allowed. How was Stiles ever supposed to want anyone else when Derek called him sweet names. At least before he had a chance of moving on. Even if it took a long time, he could eventually get over his feelings, the same way he did with Lydia. But now he knew what it felt like to be with Derek and he was addicted. They were still completely clothed and he could tell he'd crave this for the rest of his life.

Derek's hands were frantically searching around his body. He made an unhappy grumbling sound, face drawing tight and angry. Stiles tried to track the motion of his hands with his eyes but they were too random to keep up, "What is it? What's wrong."

"How the hell do you get the thing off of you?" He bit out

Stiles reached up the the neck of the suit and started pushing it down. He had one arm slipped out by the time Derek caught on and was eagerly pushing Stiles' hands away and doing it himself. He pressed open mouthed kisses to Stiles' back as more and more skin was exposed. The human couldn't help letting his eyes slip shut. Derek's hands felt so right on his bare skin. Little sparks erupted wherever they touched. The wolf bit down on his shoulder blade. Stiles moaned as he sucked a mark into the skin. He's gotten hickies before, but the one Derek was working on felt more like a claim than anything Stiles had ever had before.

The teeth disappeared quickly and he heard Derek suck in a breath of air. His eyes fluttered back open. The were had gotten his costume bunched up at the bottom of his thighs, revealing the boxers Stiles had on underneath. Except when Stiles pushed through his lust riddled brain he remembered they aren't boxers at all but a pair of light pink hipster panties with lace around his thighs

He felt his face get hot in embarrassment, "Shit." Derek continued to stare silently. It made Stiles squirm with nerves. He chewed his bottom lip, hands twitching on the counter with the urge to pull his suit back on and run out of the house. With how motionless Derek was standing he's sure he could get past the wolf and to Roscoe before he even noticed he was gone.

He moved to reach down for the costume, but his hands were caught by Derek's. He pinned them back to the sink, "Stop."

"Derek, please. Just let me get dressed again. I'll go home and we can pretend this didn't happen." There wouldn't be a need to pretend. He'll probably drive into a tree or something on his way. Then he wouldn't have to live with this awful embarrassment.

The Alpha made a soft whining noise. He pushed Stiles' head with his until there was enough space for him to bury his face in his neck again, "No, don't leave." He rubbed the skin with his beard, "Fuck, I need to get in you." His hips bucked against the human's ass. Stiles was surprised to feel that the man was still hard.

"But I thought-" Derek was shaking his head before he could finish his sentence.

One hand let go of Stiles' and went to land back on his hip. His fingertips skimmed across the material, "It's fucking sexy, baby. You have no idea what you do to me."

"Yeah?" Stiles couldn't help how soft his voice came out, "You like 'em?"

Derek nodded, mouthing at his pulse point, "Hottest thing I've ever seen. Wanna fuck you in them." They made eye contact through the reflection, "Make a mess out of you."

"Do it. You can pull them aside," he nodded, bumping against Derek's face, "there's enough give."

The wolf made a grumbling noise, licking from the base of his neck to behind Stiles' ear. Both hands went back to his task of undressing the human. His hands somehow working even quicker than they had before. Stiles stepped out of the costume as it landed at his feet. He kicked it to the side somewhere and then Derek was back to touching and squeezing every part of him that he could get his hands on.

Stiles pushed his ass back against Derek's still jean clad dick. The feeling of the denim against the soft cotton of his panties was arousing, but he needed Derek naked already. Or he at least needed to take his cock out. He pushed back again, relishing the groan the wolf made in response, "Come on, you have too many clothes on. Want to see you."

"You see me all the time." His right hand slid up Stiles stomach and landed on his nipple. He rolled the bud between his finger before extending a claw and circling the sensitive areola.

Stiles swallowed the noise he wanted to make, "It's not the same. I see you when you're training or bleeding out. Please, at least your shirt." Derek ignored him in favor of sucking a bruise into the side of his neck. Stiles sunk his hand into Derek's hair. He gave it a soft tug; The wolf bit down harder in return. He felt his face get hot again as he thought of something new, "I'll show you the rest of my panties."

Derek's head snapped up so fast Stiles briefly worried if werewolves could get whiplash, "You have more?"

"Not many," he licked his bottom lip, "but some. A few bikini styled ones..." he took a small breath, "and a thong." The wolf growled and rolled his hips against Stiles' ass. He scratched his nails across Derek's skull, "And I'll wear all of them for you, whenever you want. Just need you to hurry up and fuck me already."

The were stepped back and stripped off his tank top easily. It was thrown somewhere haphazardly. The costume dog tags he was wearing bounced against his chest with his haste. Something about them settled between Derek's chest hair was absolutely tantalizing. He pressed himself back around Stiles, as if being away from him from even a second was too much to bare, "I don't have lube in here, but there's Aloe in one of these drawers. You okay with that? I can run to my room if not."

Stiles shook his head, "No, I don't give a shit. Just fuck me."

Derek pressed a kiss to his cheek before bending and rummaging through the drawers. He made a happy noise before the drawer slammed shut and he was back again. The cap snapping open sent a shiver down Stiles' spine. He readjusted his grip, grabbing both sides of the counter and bending himself over the sink further. He watched Derek pull his underwear to the side. His eyes flashed red and Stiles could see his fangs begin to poke out from behind Derek's lips. He brought one slick finger to his hole, circling around the rim. Stiles pushed against it. His breath caught in his throat as the tip slipped in.

He wouldn't lie and say he was particularly experienced when it came to having sex with men, but since he realized his little crush on their Alpha wolf at the start of his freshman year of college, he had become accustomed to this part of the process. He normally used two, sometimes three fingers. He could tell Derek's were already going to be much more than he's used to.

He pushed his finger deeper. It sunk in to the knuckle effortlessly. He heard Derek make a sound akin to a purr, "Opening for me so easily. Was worried you weren't going to be able to take me, but your pretty little hole is opening so well."

Stiles whined at the praise. He spread his legs wider to give Derek more room. He gave him a wicked smile, "You like that, baby? Wanna be good for me, don't you." It was said like a statement. Like Derek already knew that as much as Stiles fought him any other time, he'd do anything for him once he was between his legs.

The finger inside him moved in wide circles, twisting to stretch him further. Once the wolf deemed him ready, it was pulled out and a second pushed in alongside it. Stiles tensed at the beginning intrusion but quickly relaxed again. He was right, two of Derek's fingers felt like three of his own, but the dull ache that came from being stretched too much too soon added a thrill to the pleasure. He bucked back on the digits. His mouth falling open as he let out little pants as he moved.

"That's it. Fuck yourself on my fingers. You look delicious, Stiles." He crooked his fingers up and brushed against Stiles' prostate.

He let out a loud moan, "Oh fuck, Derek! There. Please~" He cried

Derek's fingers stopped and pressed against the bundle of nerves. He rubbed the pads of his fingers in quick circles. Stiles spasmed wildly. His body couldn't decide if it wanted to get away from the endless pleasure or fuck back harder until he was falling apart on them. They didn't truly give him an option though, he just pinned him down with one hand over a lace clad hip and milked his prostate for everything he was worth.

He mouthed at Stiles' mole dotted shoulder, "Next time I'm gonna put my mouth here," his thumb brushed around his rim, "Feel you lose it from nothing but my tongue fucking you open."

"Oh godnghh-" his voice trailed off in a high shriek. He couldn't handle everything Derek was doing to him. His fingers felt like they were lighting a fire in his gut and his words were coming out rough as gravel, whispered in his ear like an unholy prayer. He was ruined for anyone else. His first time with another man and there was no way someone could beat it.

"Wanna suck you off too. Have you cum down my throat. Probably taste fucking delicious. Have to with the way you smell. Like strawberries syrup and coffee." He pressed against his prostate harder, "And sex. Always smell like you're just waiting for someone to bend you over and give it to you good."

Stiles leg kicked out and made him knee the cabinet. He couldn't even process the pain over the bone deep bliss coursing through him. He grabbed the hand on his hip, squeezing it hard enough that if the man behind him was human he would be crying out in pain, "I'm—hahh fuck—I'm gonna cum." He tried his best to stare into Derek's eyes, but his own kept slipping out of focus, "You gotta st-stop."

Derek gave him another toothy grin, "No, you're gonna cum for me."

Stiles shook his head, he didn't want it all to be over so soon, "But you—"

"Don't worry. I'm still gonna fuck you, baby. Soon as you cum, I'm gonna stuff a third finger into your hole and get you ready for me. Gonna get two orgasms out of you tonight." He laced their fingers together, an oddly sweet gesture coupled with the filth that continued to spew out of his mouth, "Maybe more. Doubt I'll be able to keep my hands to myself once I see my cum dripping out of you."

Stiles came with a gasp. His breath caught in his throat as he began to shake. He felt his cum soak into his panties, most likely ruining this pair forever. He couldn't find it in himself to care though. He highly doubted he'd want to wear them again once Derek's done with him anyways.

The were's fingers never let up. They continued their assault, prolonging his orgasm until his body was twitching with over sensitivity. It was already the best he'd ever experienced, but the aftershocks only added to the rating. His head slumped down, baring the back of his neck for the Alpha. He nipped at it playfully.

He couldn't help trying to twist away once the feeling started to edge towards unbearable. Derek pulled his fingers out for long enough to add more aloe and then three were pushing inside. Stiles keened, his body shying away from the intrusion. Derek shushed him quietly, "It's okay baby. It's easier this way. You're still so lose from your orgasm. Makes you open up for me faster."

He was right. Stiles barely felt any resistance as he worked the third finger in. He lifted his head. His neck felt weak but he pushed through it and looked over his shoulder. Derek's face was so close to his. It made him realize they hadn't kissed a single time. He had the man's fingers up his ass, yet somehow he hadn't even gotten a peck from him.

"Kiss me?" He asked

Derek gave him a soft smile and leaned forwards. Like everything else between them, their lips met easily. It stayed gentle for a good minute before Derek licked across the seam. He pulled his bottom lip between his teeth and sucked, then Stiles was opening his mouth and Derek's tongue was against his. He let the wolf dominate it and tilt his head however he

pleased. It all felt heavenly, like they had been doing this for years and Derek had perfected the exact way to make Stiles fall apart at the seams.

His dick was hardening again. Happily filling with blood and responding to Derek's every touch. The wolf growled into his mouth, "Ready for me so soon." His dragged their linked hands to the front panel of the underwear. Stiles felt how wet it all was first, but underneath it was his dick straining against the cotton, "Want another finger?"

"No," he whined, "need you now."

He tried to deepen their kiss again but Derek was pulling away, "You sure? It'll hurt more at first."

Stiles nodded, "Yeah, want to feel it." He pressed Derek's hand against his cock, "Please, I need you now, alpha."

"Shit." Derek's fingers slipped out and he let go of Stiles hand. He watched the man basically rip his belt open. He yanked it from the loops and it tumbled to the floor. Stiles looked back towards the mirror as he popped his button open. He took a few breaths to try and steady his heartbeat. It worked until the sound of the zipper lowering bounced off the tile.

Derek pulled himself free, tucking his boxers underneath his balls. The human couldn't help but stare open mouthed at the reflection of it. He was long, probably an inch or two longer than himself, and just thick enough that Stiles knew his jaw would ache in the best way if he could get his mouth around him. He was also uncut, which normally wasn't something Stiles would expect to be into, but it was on Derek so of course he thought it was hot. The tip was red and angry looking and it faded to a pretty pink as it went down the shaft. He watched a bead of precome ooze from the slit and had the urge to taste.

"Stiles, baby?"

"Huh?" He replied dumbly, finally looking away to meet Derek's gaze

"Are you okay? You're staring." His Adam's apple bobbed, "Do you want to stop? We don't have to do this."

Stiles whined at the thought of being deprived of feeling Derek inside of him, "No, please." He reached behind himself, hooking his fingers in the back of his underwear and pulling it aside again. He gripped his cheek as well, presenting himself in a way he hoped showed the man how badly he wanted him.

He saw Derek's dick twitch then the man was pressing in close, one hand on his hip, the other grabbing the aloe and thoroughly covering his dick in the slick. He huffed a breath against the back of Stiles' neck, a quiet moan following after. Stiles couldn't imagine how good it must feel to finally have a hand on himself after ignoring it for this long. He gave himself one last tug before guiding the head to Stiles rim. He rutted against it teasingly. The human wanted to cry. They were so close to getting to what they have been building up to all night. It would be easy for Derek to slip in, but of course he had to be a douchebag and torture Stiles.

"Derek." He huffed

He tried to push back but Derek just pulled away as he did, "What baby? You need something?"

"You know what I need Derek, come on." He stared in a way he wanted to seem stern, but knew with the state he was in it probably came closer to a child throwing a tantrum

He made a tscking noise, "I don't think I do. You're gonna have to tell me."

"I've been telling you all night. Stop being an asshole you mutt." He pushed back again, but this time he received a smack to his left ass cheek.

Derek's hand slipped back to his hip and squeezed, "Don't be a brat and tell me again."

Fine, if Derek wanted him to beg, he could beg. He would happily, "Please, I want you to fuck me. Been wanting it for so long. Imagined how you'd feel a thousand times. I need you now. Need you to give it to me."

A heavy breath puffed against the sweat collecting in Stiles' hairline, "I got you, baby." He gave one quick thrust and the tip popped inside. Stiles let out an aborted shout. Okay, maybe he should have let him use a forth finger. The pain wasn't excruciating, but it still wasn't pleasant.

"Oh, fuck." He twitched uncomfortably.

Derek's thumb brushed against hip soothingly, "Breathe, Stiles. It's okay. Just gotta relax a bit."

His words came out slightly slurred. When Stiles glanced up he saw Derek's fangs halfway descended. He groaned, his head falling limp again. Teeth that could literally kill him really shouldn't make his dick throb.

The were pushed another few inches in as gentle as possible. Stiles could hear him muttering under his breath, but he was too focused on staying relaxed and not letting pain slip into his scent to make out the words. He let go of his ass and braced the hand on the glass in front of him instead. The cold felt wonderful against his overheated skin.

Derek stopped when he was half way in. His slick hand slid from Stiles shoulder to the dip in the bottom of spine. He shivered as the air met his now wet skin, "You're so damn tight."

"Good?" He questioned

"It's perfect." He let his fangs drag against a notch in his spine, "Feels better than anyone else I've ever been with."

His hole fluttered, "Really?"

Derek groaned. Stiles felt sharp points dig into his skin, "Motherfuck—yes, really."

Stiles tried to shove back on the dick inside him. Derek's firm grip kept him steady though, "More, I want more. Come on, Derek. Fill me up."

The man bared his teeth and pushed forwards painfully slow. The stretch still hurt, but Stiles wanted him all the way inside already, "Please! I can take it! I can. I'm ready."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes! Come on, get inside me already before I find someone else to do it." And okay, that was definitely a dumb idea on his part. But he was horny and Stiles has never been known to be smart when he's horny.

Derek growled and forced the rest of himself in with one sharp thrust. The human cried out at the sudden wave of pain, but it was quickly being seeped away. The black veins winding up Derek's arm indicating why, "Mine." He bit out

Stiles nodded, tilting his head to the side and baring his throat as an apology. The wolf took it greedily and began to suck purple marks into his skin, "m yours, Derek. All yours."

Claws pinched and pulled at his right nipple, "Only I get to fill you up."

"Yeah, Derek, just you."

The were began to rock his hips slowly. It was more of a soft grinding, but it already started to make fire bubble in Stiles' gut. Each pull back made Derek's dick drag against his walls, even with all of the slick he had added. He swore he could feel him in his throat at this point.

He pulled back, bracing one hand at the base of Stiles spine, forcing him into a better angle. He pulled out until only the head remained before his hips snapped forwards, jeans smacking against Stiles ass with a dull thump. The human moaned out, his hand sliding down the mirror. It left a smear in the shape of his hand print. If Derek forgot to clean it and anyone saw they'd know what happened in here from it alone.

He fucked into Stiles at a steady rhythm. His prize was the little "ah, ah, ahs" the slipped out from the human every time. Stiles had half the mind to worry about if the people downstairs could hear him, then Derek was talking again and he forgot all about it, "Make the prettiest sounds for me. Can't wait till the house is empty. Gonna fuck you so good you scream. Want your voice ruined by the end of it."

His dull nails scratched down the porcelain uselessly, "Should fuck your throat as well. Shit, you'd look gorgeous with my cum across your face. Or I could cum inside instead." He hummed low in his throat, "Make you swallow down my load. Would you like that? Want me to fuck your mouth sometime?"

"Yes!" He cried out, "Want whatever you'll give me."

His hips stuttered, "Can't say shit like that to a wolf. You should know better."

"I mean it. I'll do whatever you want. Take whatever you want. Just want you." Maybe that was too many feelings for their first time, but Stiles couldn't help it. He was being fucked out

of his mind by Derek "Sexiest Man Alive" Hale. He was allowed a little leeway.

As soon as it was out of his mouth, Derek was pulling out and flipping Stiles around. He gripped the back of the human's thighs and lifted him to sit on the counter. His back bent at a weird angle so his ass could hang off enough for Derek to fuck him, "Need to see you."

Stiles' eyebrows pinched together, "You're fucking me in front of a mirror."

His claws dug into the waistband of his panties, successfully pulling them off one leg and halfway down the other. Derek grabbed the inside of the human's thighs and pushed them open. A part of Stiles wanted to shy away from the heavy look, snap his legs shut or at least cover his erection with his hands. The other part of him won out though. The part that prided himself in the way the wolf stared at him like he wanted to devour him whole.

"Couldn't see this in the mirror." He took himself back in hand and then he was fucking Stiles stupid. Once he got a look at the Alpha between his legs, he understood the appeal. From here he could see Derek's dick as he thrust in and out. His own thighs splayed wide to make room. It was definitely an image he'd have to keep for later use.

Derek moved his right leg to hook over his shoulder. The new angle let him reach even deeper. The head of his dick brushed against his prostate with every thrust in. Stiles threw his head back and screamed Derek's name. The alpha responded with a deep moan, his hips snapping faster. The slick inside made a loud squelching noise as they came together. Stiles' body bounced with every movement. He braced his hand on the mirror behind him to stop his head from bashing into it, but his skin was too slick with sweat and kept slipping.

Denim rubbed the soft skin of his ass raw. He knew he'd wake up tomorrow with marks from it. The knowledge that Derek was still almost fully dressed compared to his naked state was too hot to risk Derek taking them off though.

Derek turned his head enough to nip at Stiles' calf. It jostled the underwear still caught on Stiles' ankle. They looked like something from those cheap pornos he used to watch. His own high pitched moans and the wolf's whispered praise adding to the depravity.

"You feel amazing Stiles. So hot and wet. Still so fucking tight too." His hand splayed flat over Stiles' lean stomach, "Wish I could fuck you all the time."

A glob of precome smeared across the skin below his hand, "You can! I want you too. Fuck —Derek! You fuck me so good!"

Derek was panting now, "Yeah? You gonna let me stretch you out on my cock every night, baby? Pump you full till your dripping with it so everyone knows you're mine."

"Uh-huh! Yes~" his back arched as Derek tilted his hips. His head went from brushing against his prostate to nailing into it. "Der! Oh, shit! Right there!"

The wolf cursed under his breath. He used his grip on Stiles' left leg to spread him open more. He moved forwards as far as he could. Their hips pressed together almost continuously. He

couldn't pull his dick out as far, but he made up for it with short, hard pumps that made Stiles' legs shake.

Stiles sunk his free hand into Derek's hair to pull him forwards. He felt his hip strain from being bent beside his head with the angle. He ignored it in favor of bringing their mouths together. It wasn't much of a kiss. They could only hold it for a few seconds before one pulled away to gasp for air or moan against the others lips, but Stiles wouldn't ask for anything else.

The heat in his gut spread throughout his body. He wouldn't make it much longer with how they were going now, "Derek—oh my living fuhh-ck—so close. G-gonna cum."

"Me too. Shit." He kissed down Stiles jaw to his chest, "Where do you want it?"

"Inside, you said you were gonna do it i-inside."

Human teeth bit down into his collarbone. Stiles thrashed against the feeling. A tongue soothed over the fresh bite mark after, "Don't have to if you don't want it."

"I do want it!" He gave Derek hair a soft yank, "Want you to cum inside me."

"Fuck me, yeah baby, inside. I'll cum inside." He took Stiles nipple into his mouth. His tongue lapping across it once, twice, three times before he pulled it between his teeth and began to suck. Stiles eyes rolled back and he came with a long, drawn out moan of Derek's name. His back arched again and pushed his chest closer to Derek's mouth. His cum shot across his stomach in long ropes. He clenched down around Derek with each new wave.

"Oh shit." The wolf's thrusts quickly became erratic as he chased his own release. He continued to nail Stiles prostate. The boy jerked underneath him. It was too much but he didn't want the other to stop.

Somewhere in the back of his mind he felt Derek's hips start moving in shorter thrusts until it just became this persistent grinding. He finally let go of Stiles' abused nipple to bury his face in the boy's neck. He moaned into Stiles ear. His dick gave a valiant little twitch at the noise.

Derek whispered a faint "Stiles" and then his hips stopped. He basked in the second of peaceful bliss before he felt his rim begin to stretch rapidly. His body shook at sensation and he tried to pull away, only to feel a sharp pain in the area. He whined as the stretching continued till he felt like he was going to burst. Derek's hips twitched forwards and the stretching shoved past his rim and buried fully inside.

Something was pressing against his prostate consistently. It was too sensitive from the earlier abuse, making him cry and his hips stutter away. This only made the pressure rub against his walls. His dick was hardening on his stomach in response. He felt like he would die if he came again, but the pressure was too purposeful to ignore. He shifted his hips and yelled from the over sensitivity as a new wave of pleasure rushed through his veins. The wolf grunted in his ear, his grinding starting up all over again. Whatever the pressure was moved with him. Every in stroke buried it deeper.

Stiles gripped Derek's shoulder as hard as he could, leaving dark red lines in his wake. Tears welled up in his eyes and began to spill down his cheeks. His body was so sensitive, he was already on the brink of a third orgasm. He squeezed down again and Derek whimpered. When he came for the third time, he couldn't even tell if anything came out. He closed his eyes and let himself go limp.

The wolf was shaking above him and he kept making this soft noise. Stiles tried to use what little strength he had left to rub soothingly at his back, but at this point he didn't know if he was even actually moving anymore. The sat like that for what felt like hours (but was only a few minutes) before Derek started to stand up.

"Fuck." his voice was small, very much not Derek like.

His thumb brushed around Stiles rim. He keened and tried to kick the man in the hip, "No, I can't anymore." His leg that had been on Derek's shoulder began to slip and fall. The sudden movement made him hiss as Derek's dick jostled inside of him, "You gotta pull out man."

"Uh," he heard him swallow, "I can't."

Stiles peaked one eye open, "You can't?"

"No."

He opened the other eye as well, "Why not."

"I'm kinda..." His eyes snapped away from where they were connected to somewhere above Stiles, "stuck."

"What? What do you-" But then it all made sense, because no shit, he just fucked a werewolf. He probably should have expected something like this, "Derek, did you knot me?"

The wolf nodded weakly. He looked oddly embarrassed, which confused Stiles but maybe popping a knot was like popping a boner and maybe he can normally control it, "Why didn't you tell me that was a thing. Would have saved me from thinking I was going to be ripped in half for a second there."

"I didn't know." He wiped his hand down his face, "It's never happened before."

Stiles' back was starting to seriously hurt from this angle but he resisted wiggling incase it got him hard again, "Then why did it happen now?"

Derek's eyebrows drew up in his classic "angry face" that he tried to use to intimidate Stiles, but it hasn't worked in a long time, "This isn't the time for this conversation."

"Literally when is there ever going to be a better time. Your knot is literally in my ass right now." He clenched down around it for emphasis, totally not able to completely suppress the moan that followed.

Derek gripped his hips with both hands. His claws dug into pale skin, "Don't do that."

"Then tell me. What happened to the Derek from a few minutes ago who couldn't stop talking?"

His hands squeezed harder. Stiles secretly hoped they'd leave bruises, "It's a mating response, okay. It happens when the Alpha and his wolf decide that they've found a suitable mate."

Stiles stared open mouthed at the wolf. Derek shifted from foot to foot, hands twitching as a sign of anxiety.

"You want to mate me?" Stiles asked

"I told you that earlier." Derek replied dryly

Stiles tapped his side with his foot, "No, you said you wanted to fuck me. Those are different."

Derek rolled his eyes, "Fine, yes, I want to mate with you Stiles."

Stiles smiled and attempted to sit up. When he couldn't get it he made hands at Derek, "Pick me up and sit down on the lip of the bath or something. This is an uncomfortable position now that I'm not getting railed."

"God, you're an awful person." He got Stiles up. His hands under his thighs.

Stiles threw his arms around his neck and wrapped his legs around his hips. He pretended he didn't hear the content noise Derek tried to stifle, "You're the one who wants me as your mate."

He carried them over to and sat on the toilet lid. Stiles fit in his lap so well. He could get used to it for sure, "Think I'm starting to regret it."

Stiles snorted, "Doubt it."

Derek still wouldn't look at him. He scratched the hairs at the base of his neck gently. The were's face twitched but he stayed annoyingly stoic. Stiles moved forward to rub his nose against Derek's pulse. The man smelled of sweat, but underneath was his normal woodsy scent.

"What are you doing?"

Stiles let his tongue flick out and taste, "Nothin'." He bit down on the long column, humming against the flesh in his mouth.

He squeezed the boy's bare hips, "Stiles. Stop."

He let go and moved to Derek's jaw. His stubble was rough against his tongue, but Stiles didn't care, "No."

"Don't tease me."

Stiles kissed the outer shell of Derek's ear, "I'm not teasing. Just want to taste my mate."

Derek's hips drove upwards at the word, making Stiles squeak, "This is cruel, even for you. I get it, not what you wanted or whatever, but this is a big thing for wolves."

He pulled his head back and forced Derek to turn and look at him, "I want that. I want you." He pressed a short kiss to Derek's lips, "I meant what I said earlier. I'm yours."

They were growled and fucked up again. Stiles cried out, yanking Derek's hair, "Shit, I can't, not yet. You've already made me cum three times."

Derek made an unhappy rumbling noise, "Fine, not yet."

Stiles nodded, "Give me a few hours and I'll be ready." He looked around the bathroom they were in. It was a mess, their clothes thrown about in every direction. He could also see multiple hand marks on the mirror. All smudged and very obvious. "Preferably in an actual bed next time."

"That's not a good idea," Stiles quirked an eyebrow up at him, "If I get you in my bed. Get the smell of your desperation and cum in my sheets. My wolf will never let you go."

He smiled at Derek, leaning in close to his lips, "Guess I'll just have to wear out the wolf then."

End Notes

I might write more this this. I don't really know. It was my first ever Sterek fic, but I enjoyed writing it a lot. If I add on I'll make a collection for it.

The title of this is a Hozier song!

If you want to reach out to me or possibly request something for a second part, you can find me on tumblr [here](#)

Also, PSA, if you don't have lube, don't use lotion/Vaseline/soap/etc. They can cause infections. Aloe, as long as it doesn't have alcohol in it, is a safe substitute, which is why I used it in this story.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!